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L O N D O N *Terræfilius* :

OR, THE

Satyrical Reformer.

BEING

Drolling REFLECTIONS on the

VICES and VANITIES

OF

**Both Sexes.**

*To be Continued.*

By the Author of *The London-Spy*.

• N U M B. I.

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T H E  
L O N D O N *Terræfilius* :



The Satyrical Reformer, &c.

**I** Am one of the Free-born of the Earth, but neither *Knave*, *Fool*, or *Trimmer* ; I renounce all *Parties*, and hate all *Factions*, yet I know the difference between the *Church* and a *Conventicle* ; I honour an *Honest Man*, tho' Born in *Lapland*, and I hate a *Sanctify'd Rogue*, tho' Bred at *Geneva* ; I love my Native Country as a Son ought to do his Parents, but I abominate her *Divisions*, as a Man should his *Vices* : Let those that have given her the Blows, apply a Healing Balm ; For my part I have broken no Heads, therefore I shall give no Plaisters ; for should the Wounds Gangrene, the ill-Natur'd World would cry out upon the Surgeon. Like the God of *Love*, I throw my Darts at Random ; but tho' not so Blind as the *Boyish Deity*, yet I aim at no Body ; however, you that have Gaul'd Backs, take care of your Sores, for by chance I may make you Winch, when I mean not to hurt you. I stand upon a high Hill, and extend my Scourge to a great distance, for he had need have a clear Prospect, and a long Whip, that takes the whole World for his House of *Correction* : I hate *Flattery* as a *Punk* does Disappointment. *Satyr*, at present, is my Talent ; for *Stubborn Folly* and *Habitual Vice* must be Corrected with Severity ; therefore stand off *Knave*, have a care *Fool*, fly *Hypocrite*, hide *Harlot*, run *Libertine*, draw *Bully*, Skulk *Bawd*, lope *Skellum*. for I am just now going to lay about me like a Country *Cudgel-Player*.

Well done, Old *Weather-Cock*, I see thou hast more Cunning in thy Noddle, than ever to die a Martyr for *Religion*, or else thou wouldst never have gone, like a true Supporter of the

the good Old Cause, Forty odd Years to a *Conventicle*; and now, at last, like a true *Orthodox Hypocrite*, hast received the *Sacrament* in the *Church*, to qualify thy self for a Place: But, alas! Who can blame a Man of thy Wonderful Moderation, for so closely following the good Example of thy Betters? *Occasional Conformity* is the present Badge of a *Modern Saint*, and he that refuses to wear it, must lay down all outward Pretences to a *punctual Honesty*, and be number'd amongst the *Reprobate* instead of the *Elect*: Go on and prosper, who knows but so Righteous a Brother, that will Pawn his Soul to preserve the Interest of his Body, may, one time or other, purchase Salvation with his Riches, or make all safe by a piece of Death-Bed Charity, viz. In Building an *Alms-House* for decay'd *Hypocrites*, or leaving a large Legacy to the *Blew-Coat-Hospital*; or surely, were it not for such hopes, no Man would prevaricate with Heaven, that can save him, for a little *Déceitful Mammon* that cannot.

*He that two different ways will take*

*The Sacrament, for Int'rest sake,*

*Sinks downwards like those careless Fools,*

*That backwards falls between two Stools.*

You are Welcome to Town, Sir *Quorum Keebel*, now three Slides tagg'd with two Cringes, and a low Bow, and twice as many Rural Compliments, for the Flattering Kiss of a *Town-Strumpet*. Farewel Wife and Children for a whole *Easter-Term*; high Eating at Noon, a Whore and a Bottle at Night, the same repeated *de Die in diem, & de Nocte in Noctem*, till empty Pockets and a flaming Codpiece force him to Tick with a Son of *Aesculapius*, till his next *Michaelmas* Rents enable him to put the Sign of the Cross upon a Heathenish Catalogue of *Pills, Powders and Bolusses*; by the Power of which, when he is patch'd up for the Drudgery of *Matrimony*; then *John* Saddle the Horses, a Stirrup Cup with his Brethren in *Iniquity*; and so farewell Friends till our next Merry Meeting.

*Thus Phillis Wheelles, by her Charms,*

*The Country Cully to her Arms;*

*Quenches one Flame by being kind,*

*But often leaves a worse behind.*

Why, my dear Lasses, in so much care for *Brimstone and Butter*? For all you expect so speedily to have *Highlanders* for your Husbands, you may chance to be mistaken; for *Scotch-men* will scarce be so plenty in the heart of the City, as to be



bought up by stale *Exchange* Maids: Let the *Town Ladies* be first serv'd, who are Unanimously agreed to Discard their *Irish Bullies*, in order to try the Vigorous Effects of *Oatmeal* and hard *Onions*; no doubt but the freckly *Caledonians* will prove rare Stocks to Graft a dry Pox upon; so that by the Carnal Mixtification of two Infections, we may chance, in time, to revive the old *Judaick Leprosie*, and then our *Modern Apostles* will have a rare Opportunity of trying the purity of their Faith by the Gift of *Healing*; and that Branch of the *Protestant Church* that can shew they have the power, ought, by the rest, in my Opinion, to be acknowledg'd only *Apostolical*.

*Let no Man Squabble, Scratch, and Fight,  
About whose Faith or Path is right;*

*But let our Righteous Works determine*

*Who are True Church, who Factious Vermin.*

Pray, behold the Maritim Deportment of Captain *Crampos*, King of a Wooden World, Laden with Sugars from *Barbadoes*, what a Bottle Nose, and a pair of *Trumpeter's* Cheeks the *Triton* has puff'd up this last Voyage, by Vertue of *Irish Beef*, Mouldy Bisket, Rum-Punch, and a Lazy-Life. See how he Straddles as he Walks, as if, for fear of losing his way between *Wappin* and the *Change*, he had put the Binacle in his Codpiece, that by peeping at the Compass, he might steer his Course by Land as he does by Water. Hark how he blows as he waddles, like a Monstrous *Leviathan* just risen to the Surface. Pray observe his Hat, you may see by his Shape, it always stands in the same Cock it borrow'd first from the Band-Box. What a Tremendous Weapon guards his Larboard Flich, tuck'd up Elbow high, like the broad Sword of a *Scotch Highlander*; I'll warrant there's as much Silver in the Hilt as would make a two Quart Tankard, and enough Steel in the Blade to set up a Topping *Razor-maker*; his Business is over upon *Change*, he has just taken leave of his Owners, and is now steering his Course to a *Wappin Musick-House*, where a *Fiddle* makes him a *Fool*, and *Punch* a *Madman*, and then leading aside the *Whore* that has Danc'd best, he runs the hazard of an *Amphibeous Pox*, got part by Land, and part by Water; and when he has thus at once cool'd his *Leachery*, fir'd the Rudder of his *Affections*, and added a fresh pair of Horns to one of his own Fraternity, he staggers Home as Great as the *Czar of Muscovy*, and becomes a Generous *Cully* to his Short-Pot Landlady.



*On Board he Proudly bears Command,  
But to his Owners creeps by Land ;  
At Sea a Monarch, but on Shore  
A Cully to each Wappin Whore.*

Nay, nay, when a Handsome Gager shall be catch'd Kissing a Brewer's Wife, the Queen's Excise is likely to be well paid ; stand to't Madam, or I doubt his sliding Rule will be much too short to discover the Profundity of so deep a Vessel, and without that 'twill be a hard matter to give the Contents of the Cavity : Never fear, Young Man, but go on boldly with your Business, it is no Disparagement to be baffled in the Mensuration of a Cask, that would puzzle the whole Office to find the bottom of ; but whatever you do, have a care of the Survisor, whose Business it is to Gage after the Officer ; for if once he catches you tampering with Concealments, you must bring him in for a Snack, and let him take the hot Worts in the Ladies boiler for a Bribe, or else he'll go near to report your foul Practice to the Board, to the loss of your Employment:

*But Man should wink when he espies  
A Woman's weak Infirmities.  
A Gen'rous Mind would rather share  
The Pleasure, than expose the Fair.*

Well trudg'd, Mr. Lovelaw ; I know him notwithstanding he has lugg'd his Coney Wooll Ubbrello over his Eyes, to hide the Malice of his Countenance, I dare engage by his Penny-Post-Man's Shuffle, he is just now Trotting in haste down to Westminster, in order to give new Life to some Letigious Old Cause, that has been bandy'd about the Hall from Court to Court this seven Years: 'Tis a strange thing that such a Niggardly Curmudgeon, who has scarce Liberality enough to Treat his own starv'd Carcase with Two-penny worth of Fee-Lane-Chitterlins, should dive so willingly into his Rusty Hoards, and scatter his Old Gold so profusely amongst the Lick-Pennies of the Law, to gratifie his Revenge against any Neighbour that offends him. Honesty will never be at Ease, or innocence duly Protected, til such Old Miserly People-Plaguers be whip'd out of Westminster-Hall, as the Money-Changers us'd to be out of the Temple: But I doubt such Justice will scarce be put in practice, till Astrea returns from Heaven, and the Tormentors of the Publick from their Burthensome Numbers, shall be reduc'd and limited to a moderate Complement

*Unhappy*

*Unhappy Soil, where Tares and Weeds  
Obstruct the growth of Gen'rous Seeds ;  
Sow what you will, there's nothing rises  
But Wrangling Knaves, and Faction's Nisies.*

There goes a Demure Lady for ye; a true down-look'd Daughter of the *Low Church*; yet, tho' she treads so Precisely, and looks so Parsimoniously, she has a hitch in her Gate that makes her often stumble back-wards, in spite of the *Law* and the *Prophets*. She is just now come from Holy Exercise, and is creeping slyly after the Oracle of her *Faith*, for a little Chamber Consolation, not fit to be made known in *Gath*, or publish'd in *Askelon*; there will be wonderful struggling by and by between the *Flesh* and the *Spirit*, yet when both are Sighingly reconcil'd, and the Amorous Contest brought to a Silent Conclusion, she can return Home a most Inspir'd *Hypocrite*, with a large Portion of saving Grace, and a sound Conscience; and licking her Lips, like *Solomon's Harlot*, repeat to her Dear *Cuckold*, the edifying Fragments of such a Soul piercing Lecture, sufficient to make the Sanctify'd *Buck* depend upon his Wife's Merits for his own Salvation. Well done, holy Sister, thou hast a true Title to the right hand of *Satan*, for if any thing upon Earth, is more Deceitful than the *Devil*, 'tis a *Female Hypocrite*.

*The Pious Dame with Formal Face,  
Who Talks of nothing but of Grace,  
Cannot with all her Zeal withstand  
The Holy force of Cloak and Band.*

Here comes a Neat Prim Fellow for you, with a *Narcissus* Countenance, a Shape so Amiable, and all his *Frenchify'd* Habilliments so nicely Regular, as if the whole Figure was a piece of *Salmon's Wax Work*, and only borrow'd its Motion from the Artful Contrivance of some Ingenious *Clock maker*; yet is that Effeminate Skeleton of a *Beau*, that Pissle-wasted Thingum of a *Prodigal*, maintain'd in that Equipage you see by a Beautiful Lady at the other End of the Town, under the Curle of a Crooked Husband, on purpose to mend the Breed of a Bandy-leg'd Family, tho' to little Effect, for the Children hitherto have all step'd into the World with Duck-Legs and Hump-Shoulders, in spite of the Mother's care to prevent the Misfortune; but to shew Nature's Generosity, they want no Wit to ballance their Deformity; therefore I advise the Lady to Discard her *Lap-Dog*, and to keep close to her

Old *Æsop*, for it is a greater Blessing to have Crooked Children with sound Intellests, than a Litter of Streight-Limb'd Puppies without Brains.

*You therefore that have Pigmy Spouses,  
And fear that Dwarfs should fill your Houses,  
Ne'er chuse a Fool to mend the Curse,  
His want of Brains may bring a worse.*

You that hate Impertinence, pray put your selves upon your Guard, for here comes such a Talkative Dogmatical piece of a Snarling *Philosopher*, that will empty the fullest *Coffee-house* about Town, with his *Essences* and *Entities*, in half the time that an Expert *Gold-finder* can a *House-of-Office*. He Boxes one about with *Aristle*; Knocks down another with *De'scartes*; Cuffs a third about with *Malebranch*; Thumps a fourth with *Epictetus*; Mauls a fifth with *Epicurus*; Dabs a sixth with *Lucretius*; and so on till he has swept away the Company as clean as the frightful Intelligence of a *Reforming Constables* approaches, does the Trembling *Whores* out of a Noted *Bawdy-House*: He is never without a *Boatswain's* Hoarseness, from his incessant Talking, and wears a new Coat out at Elbows in a Weeks time with Jogging others to hear him. His Face is a Compound of half *Vizard*, and half *Hedge Hog*, for the lower part is always fortify'd with long Bristles, and the upper looks as if it was frightfully Imbellish'd with Artificial Uglinefs. He seldom appears without a Calves-Skin Companion in his Pocket, which he holds no Scandal to leave for his Reckoning, since the Wisest of the *Apostles* (according to his own Comment) was driven to the like Shift when he left his Cloak at *Trois*.

*Much Talk, and that profoundly Silly,  
Is such a Plague, 'tis hard to tell-ye,  
Which is most tiresome in a Room,  
A Noisy Coxcomb, or a Drum.*

Pray observe that short *Dutch* Buttock'd Lady there, with huge *Irish* Dugs, as big as a Cows after Calving; that Necessary Evil of a Wife, tho' of an humble Stature, yet does she so wonderfully abound in Tail, Tongue, and Udder, that notwithstanding her Husband is a Man of Exquisite Parts, and has Eloquence and Courage enough to speak boldly in the Presence of a *Lord-Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*, yet he dare no more try a wrangling Cause, or dispute one Point of *Supremacy* with her, than he dare take a *Tyger* by the Tail, or



a *Lyon* by the Beard; her Word in the Family is an irrevocable Law, his an unregarded Trifle; she's always in the right, he always in the wrong; when she Scolds like a *Devil*, he listens like a *Job*; she governs like a *Semiramis*, and he obeys like a *Ninus*. Nouns, *Jack*, says a Bottle Companion, *How art able to bear it?* *Adsflesh*, replies the other, *How am I able to help it?* *Why* dost not Kick her into better *Manners*? *That's the way to be Poyson'd*. *Blood*, Knock her on the Head; *That's the way to be Hang'd*. Send the *Termagant* to a Mad-house; I can keep her for one half of the *Money* at Home, and make much of my self with the other. Then allow her a *Separate Maintenance*; No, no, I have a *Cheaper way* to make Both easie, I keep my *Money* from her, and give her *Toleration* to say and do as she pleases; for it is more *Policy* to Countenance what we are forc'd to Suffer, than to Punish what we cannot help, but by Remedies worse than the Disease; for by this means I obtain the Character of an indulgent Husband, and she the Censure of being the Devil of a Wife; so that I have all the Praise to ballance my Misfortune, and she all the Blame to punish her Disobedience. I think the Gentleman goes the right way to make the best of a Bad Market; for to Tame a *Shrew*, or bring a *Whore* to be Honest, are such *Herculean Labours*, that require *Sampson's Strength*, *Solomon's Wisdom*, *Herod's Cruelty*, and *Job's Patience*, for a powerful Arm, discreet Management, hard Usage, and length of Time, will be all found Necessary in so difficult an Enterprize, and perhaps, at last our utmost Endeavours may prove but ineffectual. Therefore you that have good Wives, Cherish 'em, and you that have bad ones, give 'em their way, and perhaps, one time or other they may happily Hang themselves in their own Garters.

For he that does (alas) propose  
To Tame a Shrew with Words or Blows,  
But Labours to improve his Curse,  
And makes the Beldam ten times worse.

There goes as Arrant a *Knave* as ever was spew'd out of the Fag-end of *St. Gile's* into an *American Plantation*, yet he says as formal a Grace over a half-penny Rowl, as *Mr. Simon Orthodox*, when Chaplain to the *Church-Wardens*, bestows upon a Parish Feast. I need not tell you he's an *Independant-Pawn-Broker*, you make read his Trade in his Countenance; for the Lines and Wrinkles of his Face, make his Phiz look like a Table of *Intrest*, computed at Fifty per cent. That Fellow I'll

warrant

warrant him, knows to a Spoon or two how much Plate there is in the Parish he Lives in, for, by common Report, it is always Travelling through his Mercenary Hands, in order to supply those Contingent Necessities, which his Damn'd Extortion in the end much rather encreases. He's as well known to all the *Lord-Mayors* and *Recorders* the City has had this thirty Years, as the Man that blows the Horn is to the *Temple-Students*, for scarce a *Sessions* passes, but, for his Rogues Tricks, he has some *Busines* or other at the *Old-Bailly*. Were he to Build an *Hospital* for all the poor Families he has help'd to Beggar in his time, it could not be much less than *Chelsea-Colledge*; but all the good Actions of his Life might be Register'd upon his Thumb-Nail, in large Characters. Contrary to all Justice he forecloses, the in Equity of Redemption at the Termination of one Year, and Sells other People Goods, in spite of Law, to his own Advantage, without accounting for the Overplus. Those that are able to grapple with him, make him sometimes smart for his *Knavery*; yet such Injur'd Numbers, either through want of Money to do themselves Justice, or an unwillingness to expose their Ticklish Reputations, have so patiently submitted to his bale Extortion, and other Villanous Abuses, that he has pick'd up an Estate almost as large as his Conscience, and is in great hopes of being made a Governour of the *Blue-Coat-Hospital*, to the Eternal Scandal of that big-belly'd Honour, so much Reverenc'd by the City.

*When Broking Knaves, that get their Wealth,  
As bad as those that live by Stealth,  
To Honours rise, it is a Sign,  
Rogues thrive, and Honest Men Decline.*

Pray mind Ruby-fac'd Quality yonder, that is swimming Home in her Chair, like a Sick-Woman in a Horse-Litter; she has just now taken her leave of the *Ladies Punch Club*, near *St. James's*, and as soon as her *Cathedral Slaves* have shot their Burthen into the Entry, and deliver'd her safe into the Hands of her *Chamber-Maid*, she'll be so mightily troubled with the *Vapours*, that her Confidant, *Mrs. Betty*, without the help of a *Footman*, will have much ado to hand her into her Bed-Chamber, where, it's ten to one, before she gets Undrest, but she tumbles into an *Epilepsie*; yet, in respect to her Quality, and that she may give good Examples to her Family, lest they should grow as Wicked as her self, she has built a Famous Repository

ry for her Godly Books, where she pretends to Pray twice a Day, and Fast twice a Week; but the *Builer* that now and then makes bold to take a Kiss of the *Chamber-Maid*, observes that Mrs. *Betty* seldom comes down Stairs from her Lady, upon the Days of her *Devotion*, but her Breath smells so fragrant of *Leimon-Zest*, and *Nutmeg*, that he verily believes the rest of the Ingredients are never wanting upon those Religious Occasions, and that Madam drinks to her Maid a Cup of *Concealment*, that a familiar participation of the good Creature may oblige her Confidant to a more punctual Secresie.

*Thus, those who Ride in Chairs and Coaches  
Will have their Vices and Debauches:*

*Like us they Sin, but with more Cantion,  
And Cloak their Failings with Devotion.*

Your Servant, Doctor *Harlequin* Paramount: There goes an Old *Herculean* Labourer in the Gospel for you, who would have Cuff'd a *Cushion*, or Box'd a *Carman* in his younger Days, with ere a *Pembrook's* Chaplain in *Christendom*. No wonder, for he laid down his Sword, and stript off his Buff-Doublet, to wrap himself up in a warm Gown and Cassock, and leap'd at once, not *Out of the trying-Pan into the Frying*, but out of the *War-Saddle* into the *Peaceful Pulpit*; and ever since, to show himself a true Lover of *Equity* and *Good Conscience*, he has haunted the *Court of Chancery* after so Terrible a manner, as if he could neither *Pray* without an *Injunction*, or *Preach* without a *Decree*. He has been a rare Artift in his time at the Anatomizing of the *Episcopacy*; and tho' a Grave *Presbyter* to look at, yet has he lately taken as Undutiful Pains to expose the *Arcanas* of the *Church*, as *Nero* did to dissect the Secrets of his *Mother*; which makes some People think that the Doctor has much reason to wonder how he came into the Pulpit, as the Tyrant had to examine how he came into the World. Besides his *Trine of Qualifications*, *Soldier*, *Lawyer*, and *Divine*, he has an extraordinary Talent in *Ecclesiastical Comedy*, in which he Lashes his Brethren with as much Severity, as ever *Bushby* did a dull *Scholar*, or a *Peremptory Prattle-Box* the *Whore of Babylon* in a *Conventicle*. So, in Reverence to his Grey Hairs, we'll leave him to Repent and be Sav'd, or to Die and be Damn'd, according to his own Doctrine.

*When Pastors shall for some By-end,  
Expose that Church they should defend,*

Good



*Good Christians well may have a Loathing,  
To such base Wolves in Shepherd's Cloathing.*

Pray take Notice of yonder *Marmalet* Madam, that Trips it along as Maidenly, as if her great Toes had taken the Solemn League and Covenant, never to let Man pass the Milky way to *Loves-Paradise* without *Church-Security*; you see in what Rich Splendour she appears, set off with all the Advantages of an *Alderman's* only Daughter, and looks as Demurely and Reserv'd, as if just bolted from a *Conventicle*; yet is that Angelical Phubsy the very *Lais* of the Age, and has more Subtile Tricks and Contrivances to decoy an Amorous Call into her Ruinous Embraces, than the *Devil* ever us'd in the beginning with the Original of her Sex; Her Age, by her Looks cannot now be above One and Twenty; yet has that Extravagant *Baggage* sent as many young *Coxcombs* into Her Majesty's Service, as half a dozen *Press-Constables*; for tho' she seems to be made of as tender Mould as the most Compassionate of her Sex; yet, *Bear-like*, she never gets a Man upon the Hug, but she always breaks his Back before she has done with him, *Inuendo*, Ruins him. There is scarce a *Goal* about London,, a *Ship*, or a *Regiment* in the *Government's* Service, but has a sturdy *Knight-Errant* in it of her Sending: For she always takes care to see the last of the *Stock*, and then the *Devil* may take the *Trader*. Tho' she is Extravagant in her Demands, and Excessive in her Expences; yet, as times go, she may be justly said to be a *Whore of Moderation*, for she Trims it with all *Parties*, and openly owns herself, like some Body else, an *Occasional Conformist*, whenever it makes for her Interest. She often goes to *Church*, to veigh Beauty with her Competitors; but to the *Meeting-House* to pick-up a Benefactor; (for the Saints are always kind to their Mistresses) and last of all to the *Popish Chappel* to be Sav'd, because they have Charity enough to hold the sweet Sin of Fornication but a Venial Transgression, therefore I cannot blame her for putting such Trust in her *Beads* and her *Crosses*, since most sensible Sinners are inclin'd to make Choice of that *Religion*, which gives 'em the best Hopes under their greatest Infirmities; therefore *Whores* are as apt to turn *Romans*, as *Knaves* *Puritans*.

*Knicks, like the Nation's Trimming Friends,  
Flatter all Sides to gain their Ends:*

*Self-int'rest is the only Party*

*To which both Whore and Knave are hearty.*

Come

Come hither, Young 'Squire, don't you play the Fool and Hang your self, or take a *Spendthrift's* Ramble into an *American* Plantation, because your Lady-Mother catch'd you upon her Damask-bed, Kissing her Handsome *Chamber-Maid*; consider, Youth, she has been Bred up, and liv'd a great while in the Family, and tis ten to one, but, like a Trusty Confidant, has kept as great a Secret for thy Mother before now, or else I must tell you common Fame is as little to be heeded as *John Partridge's* Predictions, therefore pluck up a Courage, and don't sit sighing like a Disconsolate *Amoretto*, but return home like a Dutiful *Penitent*, down on your Marrow-bones, ask Lady-Mother Pardon, and besure tell her 'tis the first, and shall be the last time of Offending in the like Nature, and you need not doubt of a hearty Reconciliation; for the same Submission from thy Mother, not long since, brought thy own Father, who had catch'd her in a worse Fault, to the like Temper of Forgiveness; therefore the *Cat* that loves Butter herself, will never abandon her *Kitten* for taking a Lick at the *Cream-Pot*.

*The Sweets of Love so pleasant are,  
That Young or Old can scarce forbear:  
How then can Mother blame her Son,  
For what her self so oft has done?*

That Grissly Old Churl yonder, that looks as Snarling as a Dog over a Marrow-Bone, has been of as many Opinions in his time, as a Man shall meet with in *Ross's View of Religion*. To show the wonderful Benefit the Wavering *Anythingarian* has at last reap'd by his long Inquiry, he has now stedfastly resolv'd himself into the Principles of *Atheism*, decries the *Scriptures* as a Fable, Futurity as a meer *Dream*, and all Religion to be *Priest-craft*: His whole care is for himself, and Worldly Felicity, the Center of all his Actions: *Devotion* he terms *Madness*, Laughs at all *Piety*, and Ridicules *Conscience*, as a troublesome Tyrant of our own forming. He talks very much of *Morality*, as *Puritans* do of *Honesty*, but never keeps up to the Standard, for he truly squares his Life according to his Principles, and in all his Dealings, is as Selfish as a *Miser*, and as Crafty as the *Devil*. Much good may do him with his *Serpent's* Subtilty; but I believe if he would mix it a little more with the Innocency of the *Dove*, he would find more Peace in his Mind, and more Prosperity in his Family; for I would have him remember, that tho' *Religion* without *Policy*,

is too Simple to be safe; yet *Policy* without *Religion*, is too Subtile to be good; and therefore, if he thinks his own Rules sufficient to Guide him without the reveal'd Will of his Creator, as Wise and as Rich as he now thinks himself, notwithstanding his Age, he may live to own himself a Fool, and to die a Beggar.

*For he that has both Wealth and Wit,  
And banters Heav'n that gave him it,  
It is but Justice in the Donor,  
To bring the Rebel to Dishonour.*

Is not that a pretty Weather-beaten *Old Beldam* to Marry at Sixty odd Years of Age, a *Young Libertine* of Two and Twenty, and to give him the Power of Gaming away Two Thousand Pounds in a Twelvemonths time, that ought to have been the Patrimony of her four Children? 'Tis a strange thing that a Lustful Itch shou'd lie lurking so long in the Supernuolated Crevices of an *Old Grannum*; and that it should raise such an unseasonable Rebellion in the Flesh, when her Teeth are shed, her Skin shrivel'd into Parchment, and her Guts twisted with the Cholick into untunable Fiddle-strings. Certainly *Old Women* have a way of renewing their *Leachery*, by scratching their Nails, as the *Eagle* does his Age by whetting his beak; so it would be impossible that such a dry bak'd Crust Gammer should be desirous of an *Amorous Engagement*, when she knows the Tokens of the Fertility have been long exhausted, and has left her as useless as old Scrubble. I must confess, I have seen an Antient Mud-Wall Tenement new Thatch'd, and it has stood the longer for it; but if covering Old bones with Young Flesh, is the way to preserve an Old Woman from decay, I think the blockhead ought to run the Gauntlet thro' a Train of Young Ones, that ever makes the Experiment.

*For should we waste our Vig'rous Youth  
With Grannums that have ne'er a Tooth,  
The Blooming Dam'sels well may flout us  
To think that they must go without us.*

Pray mind that Fashionable Lover there, who treads along the Pav'd Stones in Fleet-street, with as much Grace and Regularity, as if he was crossing a *Dancing-School*. That *Libidinous Coxcomb* of a Creature, is one of those *Insatiate Lady-mongers*, call'd an *Universal Lover*; and has as many *Wanton Females* at his Beck in this Town, as a *Country Parson's Bull* has



has *Horned Prostitutes* in his *Parochial Seraglio*. He never comes in Company with any Woman, but he finds something to admire in her; and thinks it a more Glorious Conquest to Subdue a *Maiden-Head*, than to Take a *Citadel*. He has as much form in his *Courtship*, as a *Lawyer* has in a *Declaration*; and as the latter, for want of *Learning*, is often forc'd to use barbarous *Latin*, so the former, for want of *Eloquence*, is as often compel'd to use Ridiculous *English*. He is a Walking *Phisognomist*, that peeps more narrowly into every Woman's Face, than a *Moorfields Stargazer* does into an *Eclipse*; and pretends to discover a Ladies Inclinations by her *Ocular Planets*, as well as the other can her Fortune by the Influence of her Ascendant. He is blown up with *Compliments*, as a Foot-ball is with Wind, and sometimes uses 'em so Scurvily, that, like the Leathern-bauble, he deserves soundly to be Kick'd. He is every Woman's humble Servant till he becomes her Master; and no sooner is he admitted to her Placket, but, by Vertue of Friendly Familiarity, he claims a Title to her Pocket. He numbers up his *Harlots*, as a *Planter* does his *Negroes*, and thinks himself as Rich in his *Mistresses*, as the other in his *Slaves*, for both are equally forc'd to support the Grandeur of their *Masters*, or to be Kick'd and beaten for their Obstinate Remissness. He always Lodges in an *Inns of Court*, not that he has a Title to the *Law*, but for the Conveniency of *Whoring*, that his *Punks* may have free Passage to his Chamber without the Censure of a *Landlady*. The Art of Dressing is his Principal Study, *Strong-Broths* and *Gellies* the chiefest of his Food, the *Play-House* his Recreation, and *Fornication* and *Adultery* the only Occupation that he follows for his *Bread*. Thus he Lives and Plows on, till repeated *Claps*, want of *Money*, and the Unkindness of his *Mistresses*, will at last leave *Amorous Skeleton* in a Languishing Condition, fit only for an *Hospital*, or else he will have better Luck than most of his Fraternity.

For *Bullies* who propose to Live,  
By selling what they ought to give,  
Deserve those *Plagues* that do so just,  
Ly wait on Mercenary Lust.

Diver-

## Divertisements.

**L**A S T Monday Night, between the Hours of Eight and Nine, lost out of a *Head-Dresser's* Shop, in *Our Fathers Buildings* by a kind *Female Apprentice*, about Fifteen Years of Age, a certain *Chimerical Rarity*, call'd a *Maidenhead*; this is therefore to give Notice to the Publick, That whosoever has found it, is desir'd not to cry it in the *Market-Place*, but to return it to the owner the next fair Opportunity, after the same manner it was lost, and for his further Encouragement, if another *Maidenhead* should start up unexpectedly, *Madam* hereby declares she has a *Trusty gallant*, who is ready at all times to cover the Shame with *Church-Security*.

There is lately invented by the Colledge of *Vertuoso's*, a most Excellent and Useful Instrument, call'd *A Curry-Comb* for a *Scotch Pedlar*; being a rare *Ponket-Engine* for the present Relief of any Patient under that *Teasing Plague*, the *Caledonian-Leprosie*, it compleatly does the Service of two pair of Hands, and if gently apply'd to *Back, Belly, Hams, or Elbows*, will Communicate to the part Afflicted, such a pleasing *Titulation*, that shall not only transport the Patient into a *Tingling Extrasse*, but plainly demonstrate, according to *D--- F---'s* Assertion, That the *Scotch Scrubbado* is no *Curse*, but a most *Princely Blessing*. To be Sold by a *Highland Physician*, at the Sign of the *Bonnet and Bagpipe*, in *Covenant-Lane*, just opposite to the *Church*; where any Patient may be also furnished with rare *Brimstone* and *Butter*, ready made up into Ointment for the same *Beggarly Distemper*.

Any Young fresh Country Lass, who, for loss of her *Lover*, or perhaps her *Virginity*, has lately pop'd into *London*, either in *Coach, Waggon*, or on *Pack-Horse*, from *East, West, North, or South*, if she be *Strait-Limb'd*, and well-Featur'd, shall be welcome to Mother *Knab-Cony's* House, at the Sign of the *Church-Warden and Bastard*, in *Shoving-Alley*, near *Moorfields*, where she shall be furnished with *Gay Apparel, Mear, Drink, Washing, Lodging, and Physick*; allowing only a *Moiety* of her Earnings in Satisfaction thereof, provided she will submit her *Carnal Endeavours* to the Management and Discretion of the Reverend Old *Matron* abovemention'd, who promises upon Honour, she shall be tenderly us'd during the time of her *Servitude*, and be free to remove at *Months Warning*, from thence to the *Lock-Hospital*.

Ther

There is lately Publish'd a very Edifying piece of *Soul Saving Phari-*  
*nicism*, Entituled, *Sim on and be Sav'd: Or, Repent and be Damn'd: Or,*  
*The whole Doctrine of Christianity turn'd Vice-Versa, in a short Lecture,*  
*most laudably Exhibited at a Holy Meeting of the Saints.* By *Habukkuk*  
*Mackbne*, now *Chaplain in Ordinary* to the *Devil's Broker*; and are to be  
 Sold at the Sign of the *Calves-Head and Hatchet*, near the *Round-Head*  
*Old-Stable new Sweep*, and by most other Booksellers in *London* of the  
 same *Kidney*, at the *Pyratizing* Price of one *Half-Penny*.

*In Dock our Nucle: Or, A speedy Cure for the Sting of Conscience, be-*  
*ing a Sticking Plaster to be inwardly apply'd to the Soul of a Sinner, pre-*  
*par'd only for the Wounded in Spirit.* By *Ananias Blunder*, an *Underfrap-*  
*per in the Truth*; and is to be Sold only by *Rebecca Pick-thank*, next  
 Door to the *Divine-Theatre*, in *Bo-peep-Alley*.

A large *Cater-Corner'd Room* to be Let in *Skew-waw-Square*, near  
 the *Tag-End* of *Old-street*; fit for either *Musick-House* or *Conventicle*. En-  
 quire at *Madam Smebbelly's*, half *Bawd*, half *Midwife*, at the Sign of  
 the *Cradle*, in *Firking-Court*, and you may know further.

If any *Unfortunate Gentlewoman* that has neither *Wit*, *Beauty*, *Breed-*  
*ing*, *Honesty*, or *Portion*, is desirous of entring into the *State of Marri-*  
*mony*, let her repair the next *Sun-shiny Morning* into the *Queens-Bench*  
*walks*, in the *Temple*, and there she may meet with her *Match*, but if by  
 any *Accident* she should be disappointed, let her enquire at the *Rakes-*  
 *Rendezvous* in *Pegasus-Court*, and she will certainly be furnished with  
 great Choice of *Ubiquitarian Husbands*.

F I N I S.

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